

# The St. Tammany Farmer

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If all our days were crowned with success life would be an endless drudge.

Many an unsuccessful man would rather preserve his dignity than hustle.

Many a boasted family tree looks to others rather more like a scrub oak that is dying at the top.

Almost any married man can manage his wife without trouble—if she will only let him.

Being forced to work and do your best will breed you a hundred virtues which the idle never know.

With having abolished and football snatched, how may a college youth get even with his enemies?

A new malady is called the auto heart. There is an auto head that sometimes needs treatment.

The man who fears he will do more than his salary calls for will never have much salary to call for.

A Cleveland girl wants to enlist in the navy. Most girls are willing, however, to join the navy by marriage.

Better do the little thing you can do to-day than wait for the great thing you would like to do to-morrow.

The poorest people on earth are those who make the most of what they have and the least of what they are.

Those Ohio girls who are asking to enlist in the navy would, if their request should be granted, become tars.

It is proposed to declare that automobile is interstate commerce, and to grant national licenses. Sensible move.

Russia is to build a battleship of the type of England's Dreadnaught—one that need fear nothing but its own crew.

Five submarines have sunk with their crews in the last four years. There seems to be a fatal significance in the name.

The automobile accidents make the reckless driving for which horse owners used to be so severely punished like child's play.

The marriage of a couple in St. Louis was prompted by a joke on matrimony. It is dangerous to joke about matrimony.

The Cognac is the name of one of 17 balloons which started in the great aerial race from Berlin. That name should have sustained it.

A Pittsburgh millionaire eloped with a 17-year-old girl the other day. It is alleged that she was not a member of any of the choruses.

Never use what is not your own, never buy what you cannot pay for, never sell what you haven't got, is a pretty good rule to go by.

Persia may be a beautiful country, but the shah appears to have beaten the car several laps in getting a parliament into practical working order.

A Berkeley (Cal.) man has invented a new language which has no swear words in it. Our golfers will doubtless agree that it fills a long-felt want.

Rebels in Russian Poland are said to be collecting stores of arms. A few legs and heads will come in handy when the bombs begin to burst again.

Life is like the ocean. It drowns one man because he yields to it passively and blindly. It buoys up the other because he strikes it skillfully and with lusty sneers.

A dwarf palm has been discovered in Algeria which produces a fine quality of vegetable hair that makes a good substitute for horsehair. Another blow at faithful Dobbin!

Count Witto, who is in Paris, says he will never return to power in Russia. The count must be one of those wise people who have discovered that it is foolish to deliberately hunt for trouble.

The officer who managed the race between automobiles and balloons in Germany, the other day, was run over by an automobile that was not taking part in the contest. People who manage such affairs should know better than to run around on foot.

If M. Labeuf, the eminent French naval engineer, is right—if the submarine has got the battleship skinned, why then the answer would seem to be to tunnel all the harbors, get under any approaching submarines, and blow the beggars up.

In the first eight months of 1905 our trans-Pacific trade amounted to \$197,791,041. In the same period of the current year we exported to that market only \$126,979,968 worth of goods. The Japanese victory over Russia in the far east seems to have been a commercial triumph over us as well.

A jobocrat of High Wycombe, England, has been fined every week for nearly five years for opening his shop on Sundays. The fines began at 15 shillings, but are now seven and sixpence.

"Man," says an English orator, "makes more noise driving one motor car through the streets of the earth than the creator makes driving His whole army of stars through the streets of heaven." Not true. Man only thinks he does, especially if his auto is a new one.

Sixty per cent of the people of Glasgow, according to the Buffalo News, are living in houses of one or two rooms. It may be, however, that rooms in Glasgow are bigger than they happen to be in the average American flat.

## The Narrow Escape of Captain Tumley

BY J. C. PLUMMER

The steam collier *Patmos* lay snugly moored in Grimsby docks, and in the cabin of that somewhat dingy vessel sat Capt. Tumley gazing with wide open eyes and a perturbed countenance at his sister-in-law, Mrs. Perkins.

"It tells you 'Enery,' continued that lady, wagging her head portentously, 'it's your bounden duty to go hup and hask Julia Pray to be your wife. You've been a goin' to her 'ouse and a keepin' compny with 'er for these four years and heverybody thinks you are goin' to marry 'er and, what's more, she thinks so, too.'

"But," said the captain, through his parched lips, "I went to smoke a pipe with her father, Capt. Pray. I didn't go to see 'er."

Mrs. Perkins capped her contempt for such unworshipful innocence. "When a 'ouse contains a hold rheumatic sailor and a pretty woman, and a man like you comes steady visitin' for four years she is mighty apt to think he's comin' to see 'er. Hif she don't she's a fool. Now, I know she thinks you were a courtin' her, for no longer than yesterday two days I says to 'er. Hif it's 'igh time for 'Enery Tumley to settle down and marry, she busts out a cryin'. I tells you 'Enery you'll 'ave a girl's broken 'eart on your soul hif you don't marry Julia Pray."

After Mrs. Perkins, who was a born matchmaker, had departed, Capt. Tumley passed a bad half hour. Ten years ago, when he was a second mate on the brig commanded by Capt. Pray, he had been carried over the rail one night when there was a high sea running, and Capt. Pray had promptly leaped over and had saved him, even with the handicap of oilskins and sea boots to struggle against. It was a poor return to make to break the heart of the daughter of his rescuer, and Capt. Tumley's mind was promptly made up. He had had no idea of courting Miss Pray, but he had carelessly compromised himself and allowed the young lady and others to misinterpret his intentions. Probably he had kept eligible men away and thereby prevented Miss Pray establishing herself. His mind was made up. He would ask Julia Pray to marry him.

When Henry Tumley left the Grimsby docks that evening he wore his best clothes on his back and a preoccupied look on his face, in fact so deep was his preoccupation that he did not return the salutation of the dock keeper. He was on his way to make amends for his carelessness. He was going to ask Miss Pray to marry him. "There's nothing else for me to do," he murmured disconsolately, as he walked, and then he looked up and beheld the sign of the Jolly Fisherman swinging in the North Sea wind.

It is a rule with hardy men who drive heavily loaded coal boats down the east coast to take a hearty drink before starting and another hearty one on arriving. Regarding his present purpose in the light of a voyage in unknown seas, Capt. Tumley determined to follow this excellent rule and, entering the taproom, demanded sprits. Being accommodated he sat down at a table and meditated over the step he was about taking.

Before he had consumed a quarter of his dram he noticed that a man in a rough pea jacket at a neighboring table was regarding him attentively, and presently he came over and joined him.

"You're a sailor?" said the man abruptly, when he had seated himself opposite to the captain.

"I am," replied Capt. Tumley, with coldness. He did not care for company just then.

"Lives sailors," continued the man. "I never saw many and that's the reason I like 'em. I'm a shepherd just from Australia."

"Ah!" said Capt. Tumley. "Yes, got a herd of some 3,000. Come over to England to get a woman to marry me."

"Have you saked 'er?" inquired the captain with interest, for he had been shuddering at the horror of having to ask Miss Pray to have him.

"No, I haven't, and I'm not goin' to. No use. She'll have me sure enough, but the father don't take to me for a son-in-law. Ask her and the old man 'ud make trouble right off. No, no, I don't ask her, but I'm goin' to marry her."

"Ow are you goin' to manage it?" asked the captain eagerly. Here was a man of resource. His views would be valuable.

"Have the bans called; that's how," replied the man, coolly.

"But you don't know if she'd like being called out," expostulated the astounded mariner.

"Here's the way it lies. Lived in a nearby shretown. Knew the girl. Fell in love with her, and she with me. Tough nut in them days. Drank, played cards and old man down on me. Went off to Australia, made my lucky

strike in sheep. Come back. Girl waitin'. Old man still huffy. Eye on another feller. Have bans called and he'll see no use kickin'. Marry the girl and off to Australia. Take him, too, if he'll go."

Capt. Tumley looked in admiration at this man who talked in jerks and solved problems as though they didn't exist.

"Have another dram," said the man. "Must go upstairs, shape up a bit and go see clergyman. Come to the wedding. What's your name?"

The captain told him. "Tumley, eh? Steamer *Patmos*, Grimsby docks. I'll send you a bid to come. Good-night."

When the stranger had disappeared Capt. Tumley brought his fist down on the table with a thump.

"I've my bearings," he murmured. "I won't hask 'er. I'll 'ave the bans called, too. I never could hask a woman to marry me."

When Capt. Tumley returned to the *Patmos* he had commissioned the Rev. Mr. Gholson of Grimsby to call the bans of Julia Pray of Grimsby parish and Henry Tumley of Southwark.

"Hif she don't want 'em she can say so. I don't want 'er to say it to me," soliloquized the mariner as he mixed a grog before retiring. The right quantity of brandy, ditto of sugar and a little warm water was in the glass and the captain was sniffing the aroma approvingly when there was a commotion on deck. Before the mariner could sing out as to what was the matter a man came tumbling down the companion way.

"You are a nice sort of a chap," thundered the newcomer in a voice that would have carried to the main royal yard in a Cape Horn gale.

"What the devil do you mean by sticking your bloomin' bans ahead of mine?"

In mute astonishment the captain gazed into the face of his late companion at the inn.

"What do you mean? Say it. Clergyman just ordered to call bans Henry Tumley, that's you, and Julia Pray, that's my girl. What do you mean by it?"

"Is Julia Pray the girl you've come to marry?" gasped the captain.

"She's the girl I'm goin' to marry, you son of a tar barrel," thundered the man. "You can have your bans called all you want. I'll marry her."

"Then she never expected me to marry her?" exclaimed the captain.

"No, wouldn't have you if you had the bank of England in your pocket."

"Then she didn't bust out a cryin' on my account?" murmured the mariner.

"Wouldn't think of doin' such a thing," asserted the man. "Now what are you goin' to do?"

## BEAUTIFY THE CITY

REMODELING AND BUILDING AT WASHINGTON.

All Sorts of Improvements Noted in the Various Sections—Ante-Bellum Structures Are Rapidly Disappearing.

"There is one form of city improvement going on here which, when considered in the aggregate, constitutes an element which is generally overlooked, or not considered, though it has a very important bearing upon the structural make-up of the city at large," said a gentleman actively engaged in building operations in Washington.

"I refer to the very gratifying activity on the part of owners and builders in the remodeling of old buildings in the various sections of the city, but more particularly in the northwest and in the business section. These individual instances of remodeling are scarcely noticed when compared with the great and larger improvements in the way of entirely new and modern buildings, but it is astonishing how certain blocks and sections have been and are being improved."

"With this thought in mind in my rides over the city I have some mental notes to the end that this method of the city improvement might be called to notice, as it will serve as an incentive to other owners to likewise improve their holdings, as individual improvements like these will go a great way in the development of the greater city we are striving for. It is possible for a small owner to allow the main walls of his building to stand, and with the expenditure of a comparatively small sum transform it into a building which will be a credit to the particular neighborhood. In the business section these improvements invite rentals which could not otherwise be obtained, yet the individual owner, who often cannot afford the expense of an entirely new building, contributes his share to the rebuilding of the city."

Old Buildings Torn Out. "Another improvement in the building line which passes unnoticed in isolated cases, but counts to a remarkable degree when tabulated and considered in the aggregate, is the demolition of old frame houses and stores, many of them eyesores by reason of age and lack of repair, and the erection of brick dwellings, apartment houses of the smaller class and smaller business places in their stead. Citizens interested in civic improvement, when riding in the cars throughout the city, should observe this style of improvement with interest."

"I have also observed in this connection that several of the few remaining old frame ante-bellum buildings on the south side of Pennsylvania avenue have recently been razed and new foundations dug preparatory to the erection of entirely new brick structures. There are but two or three of these old frame left on this side of our historic main thoroughfare in the upper business section, and now that some of them have gone the way of old lumber, it is to be hoped that those left will shortly be consigned for sale as old material."

"Property owners also seem to have been more liberal than in past seasons in having their holdings repainted, and this is particularly true in sections of town where frame dwellings abound. The infection seems to have spread from owner to owner on some squares, with the result that this method of minor improvement has given a fresh and new appearance to heretofore dingy blocks. In sections of the city where owners usually give their property regular attention in this respect the many newly painted buildings are also noticeable. Altogether these minor improvements are worthy of more than passing notice."

New Legal Term. Clerk David Langley, who issues the informations against alleged offenders of the police regulations, was up against a queer kind of game the other morning that for several moments caused him to exercise his thinking machinery quite rapidly.

He was hard at work at his desk when a colored woman came into the office and blurted out that she wanted a warrant for a male friend of hers.

"For what offense?" inquired Mr. Langley.

The woman stood still for a moment as if in thought, and then replied, "For flattery, sah."

This was a new one for Langley, but he braced himself and set to work to solve it.

"You must be wrong," he said. "What did he do to you?"

"Oh, he said I was a peach, and then he used a brick on my maid," was the reply. The visitor was sent upstairs to ask Mr. Weyrick of the district attorney's office for a warrant for assault and battery.

To Detect Counterfeit Notes. "I will give you a pointed or two about counterfeits and good United States notes and certificates," said a treasury department chief of a division, "which may be found handy for reference from time to time."

"All United States notes are printed in sheets of four notes of each denomination on each sheet. Each note is lettered in its respective order, in the upper and lower corners diagonally opposite, A, B, C and D, and we have this system for numbering our notes: All numbers, on being divided by 4 and leaving 1 for a remainder, have the check letter A; 2 remainder, B; 3 remainder, C; even numbers, or with no remainder, D. Any United States note the number of which can be divided by four without showing the above result is a counterfeit, and while this rule is not infallible in all instances, it will be found of service in the detection of counterfeits."

In one year, 1905, southern financial institutions added nearly as much to their deposits as they did in four years a decade ago.

## JUSTICE FOND OF A JOKE.

Incident That Nearly Upset Dignity of Supreme Court.

For bumptious good health Associate Justice Harlan takes first rank. He is only three months the junior of the chief justice, but he is as big as a mountain almost, and seemingly as full of health as the best of men. He comes from Virginia, via Kentucky, that is, his ancestors were Virginians. Justice Harlan and Brewer love to play golf together. Some years ago they were out on Chevy Chase links playing when Justice Brewer went to swat a ball with main force. He missed it, and then he stood looking at the thing with an air that made Justice Harlan exclaim: "Brewer, that was the most profane silence I ever saw." Justice Harlan loves a joke. I recall sitting in the court while John S. Wise was trying to overturn the Virginia constitution. Mr. Wise was talking about the Virginia constitutional convention's having been a collection of as bold a set of pirates as ever scuttled a ship or trod a quarterdeck. When Justice Harlan, who sits next on the right of Chief Justice Fuller, reached over and whispered something into the ear of the chief justice. It was something amusing you may surmise, for never did school-boy have to bite his lips harder to keep from laughing outright than did the dignified chief justice, and as for Harlan, he simply had to hide his face behind his hands, while his sides shook with laughter. It is not often, however, that such things happen.

GLAD WEDDING IS OVER. Society Stirred Over Love Affairs of Prominent Couple.

When Mrs. John Davis, widow of the judge of the United States supreme court of claims, and daughter of Arthur's secretary of state, Theodore Freylinghussen, was recently married in Washington to Maj. Charles McCawley, U. S. M. C., everybody devoutly murmured: "Thank heaven it is over at last." For the wedding has hung fire for ten years or more. Maj. McCawley, who is known as the Beau Brummel of Washington, is some 20 years the junior of his distinguished bride.

The marriage was opposed equally by the relatives of Mrs. Davis, and particularly by her children, and by the next of kin to the foppish maj. But it seemed a case of true love, despite the difference of age.

Maj. McCawley is the major domo of the White House and is the past grand master at presiding over social gatherings. He arranges guests at dinner and is the court of last resort in all questions of etiquette. He is also credited with being a second Harry Lehr in the matter of choosing suitable raiment for his women friends, and he is accorded the honor of planning some of the exquisite robes in which Alice Roosevelt Longworth has won international fame.

Peculiar Christian Names. Several years ago there resided in Washington a portly colored man who was known as Maj. Dabney. One day an army officer who knew Dabney well addressed the colored man as follows: "Dabney, I have often wondered how you came by the title of 'major.' Did you receive it because of service in the civil war, or is it a title conferred by reason of your connection with the National Guard?"

"No, sah," replied Dabney with a broad smile. "I neber served a minnit in de sill war, an' I ain't neber bin in de National Guard. De word 'majah,' sah, am my first name, an' were gib ter me by my mudder when I were born. It war a toss up, boss, wheeder I should be named Isiah or Majah, and as mudder war doin' 'reg'lar washin' for Majah Jeems Wilson, dat name war selected, an' I 'ave bin called Majah eber since."

In this connection it is said that many of the old-time colored families have given their sons such Christian names as "Colonel," "Doctor," "General," and the like. In Richmond there is a young colored man who has the cognomen of President Johnson, while in Washington is a dark-skinned citizen whose first name is "Bishop."

New Bullet for the Army. The army will soon adopt the new bullet, which was recently tested by several of the target experts at the national rifle meet at Sea Girt, and found by them to be satisfactory. Instead of the rounded point of the present bullet, it has a long, straight tapering point, and is also about one-third lighter, weighing about 150 grains. The new bullet has a greater velocity up to 2,000 yards, a greater energy up to 1,000 yards, a flatter trajectory up to 2,000 yards, a flatter trajectory up to 2,000 yards, a flatter trajectory up to 2,000 yards.

The new bullet will require a slightly different firing chamber in the rifle, but this can be readily effected in pieces now under manufacture, and the necessary changes can be made in the pieces now in use with comparatively small expense.

Washington's Death Rate. It is a convincing reply that the district commissioners made to the charge that Washington is the most unhealthy city in the country. The death rate of Washington is shown to be lower than that of Augusta, Me.; Atlanta, Ga.; Annapolis, Md.; Lynchburg, Va.; Key West, Fla.; Jacksonville, Fla.; Mobile, Ala.; Savannah, Ga.; Saratoga, N. Y.; San Antonio, Tex.; San Francisco, Cal.; Wilmington, N. C.; Troy, N. Y.; Richmond, Va., and San Diego, Cal. The death rate of Washington is essentially the same as that of Memphis, the city in which the charge against Washington was given publication.

The death rate in Washington is somewhat higher than in a number of large cities because of the high death rate among the colored population. There are more colored people in Washington than in any other city in the United States—more than in New Orleans, the metropolis of the black belt.

Some men are prompted to look for work merely out of idle curiosity.

## IT WAS NOT WATTY

MRS. BURGE OVER HASTY IN ADMINISTERING PUNISHMENT.

Little Happening in Minister's Home Had Elements of Humor for All But the Two Chief Participants.

Years ago there lived in Somerville, Mass., the Rev. Mr. Burge, a minister of the Methodist church. His young eight-year-old hopeful, Watty, was addicted to the habit of purloining sugar from a closet. Remonstrance by father and mother proved of no avail, and though Watty protested his innocence, the old lady said she would watch for, catch and chastise him.

Rev. Dr. Closs, then presiding elder of the conference district, in passing through the section, halted at Mr. Burge's to spend the night. He was assigned to a room adjoining the closet which was the scene of young Watty's depredations.

At dawn on the following morning the reverend gentleman arose and repaired to his closet to attend to his morning's devotion, and, unfortunately for him, knelt near the usual position of the sugar dish. At this moment Mrs. Burge had occasion to visit the closet, and, quietly opening door, discovered what she supposed

Several Raps Upon the Bald Head.

was Watty in the very act. Highly incensed, she delivered several raps upon the bald head of the presiding elder before she discovered her mistake, adding at the same time: "I have caught you stealing sugar at last, have I?"

Watty was the only person on the premises who enjoyed the scene that ensued.

WELLS AS WEATHER PROPHETS. Scientists Prove Popular Idea to Be Founded on Fact.

A popular idea in Switzerland that some of the wells in that country are reliable weather prophets has been proved by scientists to be well founded. These wells, by some sort of pressure not clearly understood, have the property of drawing in air at certain times and of blowing out air at other periods. In order to ascertain definitely if there was any truth in the idea of weather prophecy the wells were covered and a small opening was surmounted with a U-shaped pressure gauge. It was found that when the barometer rises the air rushes out. The currents of air are definite and easy to perceive, even without the gauge. The general tendency of the weather is foretold with considerable certainty.

LANTERN FROM OLD BOTTLE. Ingenious Idea Said to Have Been Devised by Mountain Climbers.

A "mountainers' lantern," so called because sometimes adopted by belated mountain climbing parties, is readily

contrived from an empty wine or other similar bottle. But some water in the bottle, and place it upon a smoldering fire, when the glass will crack off all round to the height of the water. Reverse the now bottomless bottle, fit a candle into the neck, and there is the lantern. A wine-bottle of ruby-colored glass, so adapted, will furnish a ready-made photographer's "red-lamp."

BELTS MADE OF MEDALS. Trophies of Athletic Skill of Young Woman's Fiancee.

Probably the most remarkable belt worn by any woman in New York is one consisting of 16 gold medals, each of which represents a first prize in an athletic contest won by the wearer's fiancee, the two medals forming the clasp standing for national championships. The making of this belt was a formidable task for the jeweler who got it up, owing to the fact that the fastening together of the 16 medals had to be done with unusual care, since the liberal use of enamel made the business of bracing on the gold eyelets for the connecting links a laborious process. The young woman who wore the belt was of the opinion that she had the only thing of the kind in the country until she went to a set of games at Travers island within a week and discovered that another medal-winner in the New York Athletic club had a similar adornment made for his fiancee.

More than 2,000 persons die of measles in London every year.

## JUDGE HAD FELLOW-FEELING.

Knew the Sensation that Comes with "the Morning After."

Judge Upton, of Keene, N. H., was a strict prohibitionist, and was long noted for the severity of the sentences he imposed on those arraigned before him for intoxication.

Discouraged by his failure to diminish intemperance in his jurisdiction, he one day determined to ascertain what there was about spirituous



"Let Them Go! They Are Punished Enough."

Liquor that made it so attractive to its votaries. Accordingly, he obtained a supply of Medford rum, and before retiring for the night he drank a generous amount of the liquor, intending to record the effect carefully.

The next morning those who were present in court were surprised to see the drunkards promptly discharged, while all other delinquents received their due punishment.

At the close of the session the prosecuting officer ventured to inquire why the court had so completely reversed his usual attitude toward the "drunks."

Judge Upton raised his head, which had been bowed upon his hands, and still pressing his throbbing temples, replied, mournfully: "Poor devil! Let them go! They are punished enough."

PEDDLER KNEW HUMAN NATURE. Subtle Flattery Best of All Forms of Persuasion.

"Can I see the lady of the house?" inquired a peddler of an old woman. "Well, yes, you can if you ain't blind," snapped the old woman, who had answered the bell.

"Oh, beg pardon, madam! You are the lady of the house, then?"

"Yes, I am! What d'yer take me for? Did yer think I was the gent's for?"

Unappreciated Reciprocity. A magpie belonging to a lady in Somersetshire, England, has been in the habit of receiving dainty mouthfuls from the mouth of his mistress, perching on her shoulder and then inserting his beak between her lips. The other day he took up his customary perch, but instead of seeking a tit-bit from his mistress, the grateful bird dropped a plump caterpillar into her mouth.

The sight of a cow looking out from an upstairs bedroom window startled the inhabitants of the village of Maxstoke, England, a few days ago. Investigation showed that the lower rooms of a dilapidated cottage had been converted into a cowshed, and that the animal, having climbed the staircase, had apparently attempted to reach the open by thrusting its head and forequarters through the casement, where it had been caught. By the aid of ropes and ladders the cow was released, and with much difficulty induced to descend the staircase.

Simple Remedy for Hives. A simple remedy for hives and one which is usually very successful is this: Every morning for three mornings and immediately upon arising take a cup of milk, in which has been stirred one tablespoonful of bicarbonate of soda and a half teaspoonful of flowers of sulphur; for a child a spoonful of the soda is sufficient. In either case the sulphur is mixed with, as the milk is used to neutralize it.

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